

# RUTLAND HERALD.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED TO BE A GENERAL REPOSITORY OF POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, DISCUSSIONAL, MORAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND ENTERTAINING READINGS.

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## THE HERALD.

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FORCHIN THESE BUNKER HILL PROCEEDINGS.

BY "STRAW." Singing by J. M. Field at the dinner at Faneuil Hall.

Prizes in astonishment!  
Indignant I've been sitting;  
Hymns could get rabid, why  
I'd swear you'd all been bitten;  
Such monumental rapture! such  
A bit of ebullition!  
Cold water's all you'll get from me,  
Placed in this 'ere position.

Just state the case. Old Mrs. Bull,  
As lives across the waters,  
In course of law and nature, gets  
A set of saucy daughters:  
A regular baker's dozen; all  
The world declares 'em beauties.  
First thing they does, they takes and sets  
Their faces 'gainst their duties!

Well, Mrs. Bull of course is vexed,  
As most o' mothers would be;  
To find her girls a turnin' out,  
No better than they should be;  
She flares up 'bout authority,  
They float in contradiction,  
And Mrs. Bull goes ravin' mad  
To strengthen her conviction.

Next, just to do 'em good of course  
She just begins to lauder;  
And blessed if they don't turn about  
And pitch into her, rather!  
You talk about your 'Lexington,'  
My feelin's I can't smother;  
It beats the quaker gentleman  
As took and kicked his mother.

They keeps on not a mindin', push  
From bad to worse, you see;  
Am having tapped her claret, why  
Next thing they split her tea;  
Above her on the corners, and,  
Wot's more outrageous still,  
Get up another precious fight,  
On this here Bunker Hill.

I wonder wot you're made of! Is  
There any here a parent?  
Or any as soon as may be?  
I should say at once there we'n't.  
This crown' over Mrs. Bull,  
Who 'right divine' could show too,  
As a very distinguished Yankee statesman might  
"Where'd ye expect to go to?" [observe,

And wot a nice example! Since,  
Just see the jolly rows:  
There's not a regal dame alike  
Can keep a quiet house;  
In 'Charter,' 'Constitution,' 'Right  
Of Suffrage,' 'common weal.'  
And last, and longest, round the world,  
Swells Ireland's cry, 'Repeal!'

Just go ahead, as Shakespeare says,  
'Keep on your celebrations;  
You'll have it your own way at last,  
No doubt among the nations;  
With Freedom your religion—why,  
You'll soon convert the planet;  
Each land may boast its sacred hill,  
Capp'd by its spire of granite.

Or,  
Your sin's a very catching one,  
East, west, and north and south, sirs;  
And they may pile their granite next  
Upon the Hill of Howth, sirs.

## BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!  
The night's coming on.  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!  
Then 'midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned  
The best recollection  
Of kindness—returned!  
When day hath departed,  
And Memory keeps  
Her watch broken hearted,  
Where all she loved sleeps!  
Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove—  
Let trifles prevail not  
Against those ye love!  
Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing,  
But the deeper the sorrow,  
The closer still cling!  
Oh, be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!

How to be Rich.—Nothing is more easy, says Paulding, than to be rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and use all we get—to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us, to be the friend of no man, and have no man for your friend, to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

Barrelless.—The Hanger Whig says, that there is a man in Cambridge, Mass. who cultivates a quarter of an acre of dandelions for the Boston Market, and that his crop of them yields him two hundred dollars annual income.

## THE LAUNDRESS OF PARIS.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

A TRUE STORY.

Accessible as Paris has been for years past to our countrymen, and freely as they have availed themselves of the facilities for visiting it, some of our readers may not be aware of the minutest feature of Parisian humble life; among others, of the difference of our own plan for the purification of linen and that pursued by our continental neighbors. In the first place—the joint consequence, probably, of a fine climate and the scarcity of fuel, the operation, instead of being carried on, as with us, under cover with the aid of hot water, and generally in boats or rafts moored to a river side, where the running stream is made to perform the office of soap, and the rubbing practised by our laundresses is replaced by beating with a wooden mallet—a process not very conducive, in the opinion of our travellers, to the durability of the articles.

Few of our countrymen who have visited Paris can have failed to observe as one of its most singular objects, these amphibious communities of washer women, plying from morning till night their laborious vocation, perpetually ascending and descending under heavy loads of wet linen, the steep stairs leading to their floating laundry, enduring in winter the severities of the weather, inhaling in summer the unwholesome exhalations of the river, and exposed at all seasons to a perpetual drench, which saturates their garments, and prematurely stiffens their limbs; yet preserving throughout a national cheerfulness finding vent in many a song; sharing with each other a cordial fellowship, the joys and ills of life; in short forming, in the midst of Paris, a peculiar colony, whose habits, morals, and above all, a strong spirit of community, require only to be known to inspire good will, nay, to command respect.

Earning at an average little more than two francs per day, out of which they are expected to provide their own mallet, and the large leather apron which their dripping vocation renders necessary, they nevertheless agree to a deduction of five sous each from their daily wages, towards a fund for unforeseen calamities, and, above all, to prevent any of their number, who may be laid aside by illness, from being reduced to seek other relief. The greater part of them are married women with families.

It is also their custom to elect every year, at the season of Mid-Lent, a head, whom they style queen, to preside over little festivities, and decide disputed points among the community, the slightest misconduct or want of strict integrity in any of whose members is deemed sufficient reason for her expulsion. This fundamental law of the aquatic corporation is the more necessary and strictly enforced, that the linen entrusted to each (often of great value) being, as it were, in keeping of all, the least individual dishonesty would bring suspicion on the whole sisterhood.

Few things can be more curious and interesting to the observer of popular manners than the moral aspect of perhaps a hundred women, carrying on, elbow to elbow, their wholesale vocation, without a theft or even a blunder being ever so much as heard of among them; their immense bark, sometimes equal in length to the hull of a man-of-war, becoming thus a huge depot, rendered secure by mutual confidence, and guaranteed by the strictest honor.

One of the vast machines, moored at the foot of the *Quay de la Cite*, alongside of the beautiful *Pont de la Greve*, was frequented by numbers of women from that populous quarter, who were so famous for whitening without destroying linen, that their washing-boat was styled the 'normal school' for Paris laundresses. One of the best work-women was a girl twenty-three, named *Blanche Raymond*; endowed with a fine open smiling countenance, great strength of body, and uncommon cleverness of hand. She had lost her mother some time before, and being now the only stay of her old blind father, a superannuated laborer on the quay, she had to work double-tides for their joint support; though the old man, by earning a few pence daily by weaving nets, was saved the feeling of being altogether a burden on his child.

Blanche, after preparing her father's breakfast, at his lodgings just opposite the stairs leading to her boat, went down to it at seven every morning, came home at noon to give the poor blind man his dinner, and then back to work for the rest of the day. Returning at its close to her humble hearth, where cleanliness and comfort reigned, she would take out her old father for an hour's walk on the quay, and keep him merry by recounting all the gossip of the boat; not forgetting the attempts at flirtation carried on by herself, by certain workmen in a merino manufactory, whose pressing machine immediately adjoining the laundress's bark, and who never failed, in going to and fro twenty times a day to fling passing compliments at the *belle blanchisseuse* (pretty laundress). The cheerful old man would re-echo the light-hearted laugh with which those tales were told; but following them up with the soberer counsels of experience over the closing meal of the day, then fell gently asleep amid the cares and caresses of the most dutiful of daughters.

Three years had rolled away since her mother's death, and *Blanche*, happily engrossed between her occupation abroad and her filial duties at home, had found no leisure to listen to tales of love. There was, however, among the young *morino* dressers, a tall fine handsome fellow, named *Victor*, on whose open countenance were written dispositions corresponding to those of his fair neighbor, whom, instead of annoying with familiarities, he gradually won upon, by respectable civility towards herself, and still more kind inquiries after her good old father.

By degrees he took upon him to watch the time when she might be toiling, heavily laden, up the steep slippery steps; and by coming just behind her, would slyly ease her of more than half her burden. On parting at the door of the great public laundry establishments (where the work began on the river is afterwards completed,) he would leave her with the hopeful salutation, in which more was meant than met her ear, 'Good bye, *Blanche*, till we meet again.'

Such persevering attentions could hardly be repaid with indifference; and *Blanche* was of too kindly a nature to remain unmoved by them. But while she kindly acknowledged the impression they had made on her heart, and that it was none

which she would carry to her grave, she with equal honesty declared that she could allow no attachment to another to come between her and her devotedness to her blind father. 'And why should I, surely two of us can do more for his happiness than one? I lost my own father when a child, and it will be quite a pleasure to me to have some one I can call so. In marrying me, you will only give the old man the most dutiful of sons.'

'Ah, but I should give myself to a master, who would claim and engross the greatest part of my love, for I know I should love you, *Victor*!—And if we had a family, the poor dear old man would come to have but the third place in my heart, after having it all to myself so long. He would find it out, blind as he is, though he would never complain; but it would make him miserable. No, no—don't talk to me of marrying as long as he lives, or tempt me with thoughts of a happiness which I have quite enough to do to forego. Let poor *Blanche* fulfil the task God has given her to perform, and don't lure her by your honeyed words to forget her most sacred duty!'

Poor *Blanche* might well say she had enough to do to maintain her dutiful resolution, between the gentle importunities of her betrothed, and the general chorus of pleadings in her favor among her sisterhood in the boat, whom *Victor's* good looks and good behavior had converted into staunch allies, and who could not conceive it possible to resist so handsome and so constant a lover. Borne down by their homely remonstrances, which agreed too well with her own internal feelings, *Blanche* came at length to confess that if she had wherewithal to set up a finishing establishment of her own, where she could preside over her business without losing sight of her father, she would at once marry *Victor*. But the capital required for its fitting up was at least 5000 or 6000 francs, and where was such a sum to be got, or how saved out of her scanty wages? *Victor*, however, caught eagerly at the promise, and never lost sight of the hope it held out of attaining his darling object.

He was able to earn five francs a day, and had laid by something; and the master whom he had served for ten years, and who had expressed a great regard for him, would perhaps advance part of the sum. Then, again, the good women of the boat, whose united yearly deposits amounted to upwards of 9000 francs, kindly expressed their willingness to advance out of their savings the needful for the marriage of the two lovers. But *Blanche*, while running over with gratitude for the generous offer, persisted in her resolution not to marry till their own joint earnings should enable her to set up a laundry.

That she worked the harder to bring this about is easily believed. But the race is not always to the swift; and the desired event was thrown back by a new calamity, which well nigh dashed her hopes to the ground. Her old father who had been subjected for fifty years of a laborious life to the damps of the river, was seized with an attack of rheumatic gout, which rendered him completely helpless, by depriving him of the use of one his limbs.

Here was an end at once to all his remaining sources of amusement and occupation, it might be said, to his very animated existence; for he was reduced to an automaton, moveable only at the will and by the help of others. He had now not only to be dressed and fed like a new born infant, but to be kept from brooding over his state of anticipated death by cheerful conversation, by news from the armies, by words of consolation and reading, more precious still in all which *Blanche* was fortunately an adept. The old man now remained in bed till nine, when *Blanche* regularly left the boat, took him up, set him in his old arm chair, gave him his breakfast, and snatching a crust of bread for herself, ran back to her work till two o'clock; then might be seen climbing up them long steps, and running breathless with haste to cheer and comfort the old man with the meal of warm soup, so dear to a Frenchman's heart. Unwilling as she was to leave him his necessities kept her at work till the late hour when, with her hand-iron charge, and fall on a thousand devices to amuse and console him till sleep stole at length on lids long strangers to the light of day.

One morning, on coming home as usual, *Blanche* found her dear invalid already up and dressed, and seated in an elbow chair; and on inquiring to whom she was indebted for so pleasing a surprise, the old man, with a mysterious smile, said he was sworn to secrecy. But his daughter was not long in learning that it was her betrothed, who, happy thus to anticipate her wishes and cares, had prevailed on his master so to alter his own breakfast hour, as to enable him to devote the greater part of it to his pious office. Straight to her heart as this considerable kindness went it fell short of what she experienced when, on coming home some days after she found her dear father not only up, but in a modicated bath, administered by *Victor*, under the directions of a skilful doctor he had brought to visit the patient. At sight of this, *Blanche's* tears flowed fast and freely; and seizing on her betrothed's hands, which she held to her heart she exclaimed—'Never can I repay what you have done for me!' 'Nay, *Blanche*, was the gentle answer, 'you have but one word to say, and the debt is over-paid.'

That word! few but would have spoken it, backed, as the modest appeal was by the pleadings of the ally within, and the openly avowed concurrence of old *Raymond* in the wish so dear to both. Let none despise the struggles of the poor working girl to withstand at once a father and a lover! to set at naught, for the first time, an authority never before disputed, and despise the power of a love so deeply founded on gratitude! In spite of them all, filial duty still came off conqueror.—*Blanche* summoned all the energies of a truly heroic mind, to declare that not even the happiness of belonging to the very best of men she had heard of in her life, would induce her to sacrifice the tender ties of nature. The more her father's infirmities increased, the more dependent he would become on his daughter. What to her was a pleasure could, she argued, to him be only a burdensome and painful task; in a word her resolution was not shaken. *Victor* was therefore obliged to submit, even when (from a delicacy which would but incur obligations on which claims might be founded, too difficult if not impossible to resist) *Blanche* insisted on defraying, from her own re-

sources, the expense of the modicated baths, thus putting more hopelessly far off than ever the long-deferred wedding.

She had not the heart, however, to deny *Victor* the privilege of putting the patient into the healing waters, which seemed daily to mitigate his pains, and lend his limbs more agility. While her father was at the worst, *Blanche* had been obliged altogether to forego the river, and obtain from her employer admission to do what she could not in the way of her vocation at home. But when, on his amendment, she resumed her out-of-door labor, a circumstance occurred, so very honorable to the class of work-women we are commemorating, to their mutual attachment, and honest feelings of benevolence, that to leave it untold would be doing them and the subject great injustice.

With the motives for enhanced industry which *Blanche* had to spur her on, that she should be first at the opening of the boat, with her daily load of allotted labor, will be little matter of surprise; or that her good-natured companions, knowing the necessity for exertion on her part, should abstain from wasting her precious time by any of their little tricks and gossip. But one morning, from her father having been ill all night, she had arrived at work unusually late, and had consequently when the hour of noon struck, left the greater part of her task (which had often detained her till night set in) unfinished, it was nevertheless accomplished as if by magic, within the usual time, and her day's earnings, instead of being diminished, rather increased.

Next day and the next, their amount was the same, till the grateful girl, suspecting to what she owed so unforeseen a result, and concealing herself behind the parapet of one of the quays, ascertained, by ocular demonstration, that, during necessary absence, her place at the river was regularly occupied by one or other of her neighbors, who took it in turns to give up the hour of rest, that poor *Blanche* might be no loser by her filial duty, as not one of these worthy women would forego her share in this token of good will to the best and most respected of daughters.

*Blanche* thought affected and flattered as may well be believed, by this novel sort of contribution, was led by a delicacy of feeling beyond her station, to seem ignorant of it, till the additional funds thus procured enabled her to effect the complete cure of her father, whom she then informed of the means by which it had been purchased, and eagerly led the recruited invalid to reward, better than she could do, her generous companions.

Among the hand-shakings and congratulations which marked this happy meeting, *Victor* we may be sure, was not behind hand, only, he managed to whisper, amid the general tide of joy, 'Am I to be the only one you have not made happy to-day? Too much agitated to be able to answer, *Blanche* only held the faster by her father's arm.'

The time for choosing by the sisterhood of their queen had arrived, and *Blanche* was declared duly elected, at the fête always given on board the boat itself, gaily dressed up for the occasion with ship's colors, and a profusion of early spring flowers. Old *Raymond*, firmer on his limbs than ever, led on his blushing daughter, and had the welcome office assigned him of placing on her head the rosy crown—a task which his trembling fingers could scarcely accomplish. After having called down on the head of the dutiful girl, whom he had smothered with kisses, the best blessings of heaven, he left her to receive the solicitations of her new subjects, among whom the disconsolate *Victor* was again heard to exclaim, 'So I am still the only one you won't make happy!'

The melancholy words proved too potent for the softened feelings of *Blanche's* honest neighbors, particularly the one whose heart it was of the most consequence to touch; namely, the mistress of the laundry establishment, who having long had thoughts of retiring, freely offered her the business, whenever she should be able to muster 500 francs.

'Oh!' cried *Victor*, 'I have already a fourth of it, and I'll engage my master will advance the rest.'

'Ah!' but that would be a debt we could never pay,' cried the upright *Blanche*; 'how are we ever to make up so large a sum?'

'With the meed of virtue awarded to you by the French Academy,' replied an elderly gentleman of the most venerable appearance, who had unobserved mingled as a spectator of the scene. All crowded around him for an explanation, and he announced that the mayor of the eighth arrondissement had claimed the prize on the unanimous demand of all the laundresses of the *Cite* for that model of filial devotion, *Blanche Raymond*. It amounted to 600 francs, and was left for the reward of virtue in humble life, by the late academicien *Monthyon*.

All that followed may be left to the imagination. Suffice it, that *Blanche*, simple and modest as ever, could scarce believe in the honor she so unexpectedly received; while her surrounding companions derived from it a lesson, that filial piety so decidedly inculcated and rewarded by heaven, equally admirable in its effects in the cottage and the palace, does not always go unrewarded on earth.

**Case of Capt. McKenzie.** It will be remembered that a libel suit was brought against the Editors of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce for stating in their paper that Capt. McKenzie escaped conviction by a technical acquittal. On the trial of the suit, Capt. McKenzie, (one of the Court Martial) being summoned as a witness, was absolved by the civil Court from the obligation of secrecy imposed by the Court Martial, and testified, that on the first charge against Capt. McKenzie, that he had been guilty of murder on board a United States vessel on the high seas, nine members voted that the charge was not proved, and three voted that it was proved in the second degree, by which witness understood them to intend that the act was proved; but that it was without malice. On the 2d and 3d charges, nine members voted that the charges were proved. Witness was not confident that on the 2d charge there might not have been eight votes only in the negative and four in the affirmative, in which case one of the four voted that the act was justified by necessity. The votes were given more once, and audibly pronounced in hearing of the witness.

**An Excellent Drink.** To two gallons of pure water, add a quart of oat-meal, and shake it until the latter is wet enough to sink, and in half an hour it will furnish a nutritious, pleasant and excellent drink. Some think the beverage is improved by leaving out the oat-meal.

## DISRUPTION OF THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

The crisis is over. We have no longer room for doubt, or fear, or hope. The disruption in the Church of Scotland has actually taken place.—There maybe some in whose hearts the details will excite no painful feelings. Nay, we know there are a class who will be rather gratified thereby—those who exulted in an anticipation of the "weeding" of the Scottish Establishment. These have had their expectations realized. Let them judge now whether Sir George Sinclair was a false prophet when he predicted that "such weeding" would resemble the infatigations of the gardener, who cut down the finest vines and apple trees, in order that the stony and barren soil might have ample room to vegetate and to expand.

Such a scene as that which occurred in Edinburgh, on Thursday last, words cannot describe. A similar has seldom been witnessed. Multitudes from every quarter in the land, and many distinguished individuals from England and our own country, had congregated to behold the spectacle. How greatly imposing and impressive must have been the whole proceeding! But the departure of the Protestants was the most touching sight.—Had the eminent Chalmers arisen alone to abandon the Church of which he has been the greatest ornament, such an occurrence would have been expressively mournful and calamitous. But, then, see the whole mass of the most devoted and zealous Ministers of the Church—holy men, whose piety, and labors, and talents, have endeared them to their countrymen, and given such an impulse to the progress of religion that not only Scotland, but the most distant countries in the world, have experienced its effects—to see all these, with the distinguished Welsh and Chalmers—the venerable Dr. Gordon—MacDonald, "the Apostle of the Highlands"—the lofty-minded Mr. Farlan—coming forth simultaneously from their places in the assembly, and departing, in solemn separation, from the Church they loved but in which they could no longer continue, must indeed have been a strangely-exciting and heart-rending spectacle.

No wonder Dr. Welsh stated that the effects of Thursday's proceedings would be felt over the world. In Scotland, they will excite thousands of hearts that will not be soon calmed. We know what depth and intensity of feeling they will produce in Ulster; and throughout Europe they will attract universal and serious attention is certain, for the Protestant Churches on the Continent and in America have been eagerly watching the progress of events in Scotland.

We are greatly mistaken if the Government do not even now lament their past and fatal course of procedure towards the Church of Scotland. We believe Sir Robert Peel has been, all along, deceived by parties who had no other desire than to see the Church prostrated. The falsehoods that were so widely circulated, in England and elsewhere, about the alleged insignificant numbers of those who really intended to retire from the Church, had, no doubt, their effect upon the Cabinet. The faithlessness and treachery of some of those who were looked upon as the best friends of the Non-Intrusionists, had, also, in all likelihood, an unhappy influence with her Majesty's advisers.—But in whatever way swayed, the conduct of the Government in relation to the Church of Scotland has been inconsiderate, ill-advised, impolitic.

The consequences which have already attended the mistaken policy of the Government are of inconceivable importance. Virtually, the Church of Scotland is overthrown. It has lost all its Ministers of any piety and worth. It will now be a totally useless thing in the land. The fabric of the National church may stand for a time—that its existence will be brief is plain; but the vast majority of the Scottish people will mournfully gaze upon it, as the sad and dismantled remains of a once noble and beloved Institution.

We have no space to dwell further on this subject at present. It makes us tremble to think of all the consequences that may ensue from the disruption of the Scottish Church. These are serious times. Error is fast spreading, and it may be that the troubles and commotions in Scotland are but the precursors of others, even more severe and afflictive, which the Churches of Christ, generally, have yet to endure on the earth.

The Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland has been formed. It contains a noble and devoted band of worthies, having at their head that great and good man of whom Sir George Sinclair has truly declared that it may be said—'Wherever *Thomas Chalmers* is there is the Church of Scotland!—not indeed the Church of Scotland's people—of Scotland's influential and midling classes—of Scotland's pious peasantry—the centre of their hopes, their confidence, their love, their veneration.' Once these distinguished men more scattered over their country, it may be that their success shall be even greater than before in spreading and upholding the TRUTH.—God speed them!

## THE FREE ASSEMBLY.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers being appointed Moderator by the Non-Intrusion party explained at great length the origin and cause of that day's movement. They held the principle, that in things spiritual, the church could never submit to the control of the civil government, and for nearly a century and a half, that principle had remained unchallenged; and it was never till lately, till within the last few years, that the church had suffered at the hands of the civil court for proclaiming it. (Hear, hear.) For maintaining and defending their principles as they were brought together there that day. (Applause.) It was well that they had been strengthened to do what they had done.—God would not forsake them nor the families of the faithful, nor would he leave them now without his spirit to guide them and his strength to enable him to hold out to the end. After further exposition of the grounds of the movement, the Rev. Doctor said there was another principle which they were not to give up for the sake of courting the present help of men who, at least had the power of number on their side. (Hear, hear.) To be more plain and more particular, volunteers are mistaken if they claim as volunteers.—Chalmers and some distant sounds of disapprobation.

We hold it to be the duty of Government to give of their substance and means for the maintenance of religion in the land. We pray that their eyes may be opened that they may see it to